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## THE DISAPPOINTED LION



JOHN  
FARLEIGH 37

THE DISAPPOINTED LION  
*and other Stories from the  
Bari of Central Africa*

collected by  
A. N. TUCKER

with a preface by  
" ELIZABETH "   
of the Children's Hour

illustrated by  
JOHN FARLEIGH

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DEDICATED  
to my three-year-old  
MARTIN  
who can nearly sing the songs





## PREFACE

**T**HERE are some stories which are meant for children to read themselves—others are designed primarily to be read aloud. To this latter category the little collection of African folk-tales which follow emphatically belong.

They were broadcast by the author with great success in the London Children's Hour and I shall not soon forget the quaint reiterated little songs which so greatly added to the effect of the stories. The author took down both words and music from the lips of two African "boys", and he has been singularly successful in reproducing them in an English dress. That they delighted their primitive hearers we cannot doubt, nor that they will have a strong appeal to children over here.

I warmly recommend this book to every harassed grown-up confronted by the unceasing demand of the very young : "Tell me a story."

M. E. JENKIN

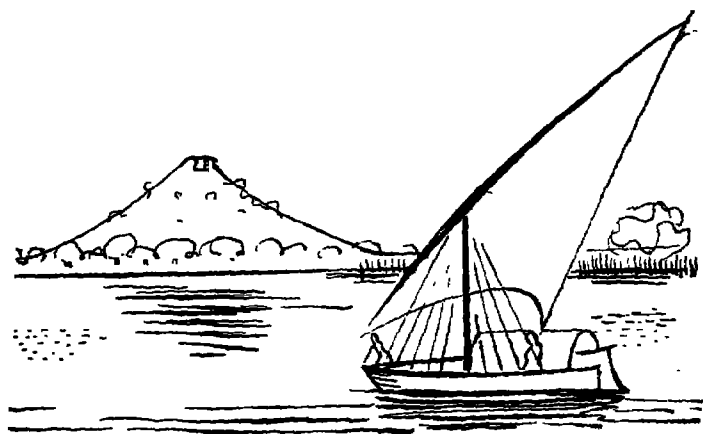
(*"Elizabeth"* of the B.B.C. Children's Hour)



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### *Introducing the Bari People*

THE England to Cape Town air mails stop<sup>1</sup> at three places in the Sudan—*Khartoum* in the north, where the White Nile and the Blue Nile join to conquer the desert (and here you find the Sudanese Arabs)—*Malakal*, just before the main stream of the White Nile begins to be lost in swamps and small rivers (the home of the long-legged Nilotes, Shilluk, Dinka, Nuer)—and *Juba*, far away in the south, where the floundering Nile steamer, pushing with its nose its absurd load of barges, arrives a fortnight or so later, having, after many turnings, distinguished the true Nile from its swamp brethren, and left the latter far behind. And it is around *Juba*, and the lately abandoned *Rejaf* and *Mongalla*, and the almost forgotten

<sup>1</sup>Or used to stop until recently..

Gondokoro, and the quite forgotten Lado (except in old-fashioned maps of Africa) that the Bari live.

Their little villages squat inside flimsy palisades of castor oil bushes and matted grass, and blend into the general background of long yellow grass, open park lands, and little rocky hills. Their huts have round mud walls and thatched roofs, rising to a point, with just a suggestion of a small porch-like verandah over the low doorways. Next to the huts are the grain-bins (called "gugu"), which themselves look like huts on sticks, but without doors. The thatched roofs of these are poked off with a pole when the owners wish to add to or take from the grain stored inside.

Each village has its open space or compound in the middle, largely taken up by the cooking stones of the family fires, or by patches of grain spread out carefully to dry in the sun. In the open space, too, one may see old notched cattle pegs, which mark the graves of dead relatives. Each village has also its cattle enclosure, guarded by barricades of thorns from night prowling animals.

The Bari are quite black, but one does not notice this when among them. They are not so tall or fine-looking as the long-legged Nilotes of the swamps, and they talk much more quickly, their conversation seeming to consist, to the new-comer, of long streams of farm-yard noises punctuated by hiccoughs.

They can never talk with real animation unless allowed to flap their arms about and click their fingers. When animated, the Bari live up to our preconceived ideas of Negro cheerfulness, but otherwise, one has the impression that they are a subdued race with a scarcely forgotten sorrow lingering at the back of their minds. And truly, the past history of these people has been a sad one, ever since the dhows of the early slave-raiders first sighted Logwek, the little sugar-loaf hill that watches over the Nile at Rejaf.

Since the suppression of the slave trade, outside influence, bad, good or indifferent, has been at work on the Bari, and they are slowly changing. Egyptian money has practically taken the place of cattle as the basis of exchange, and the herds themselves are rapidly diminishing before the attacks of the tsetse fly, brought in from the south on our motor-cars. The Nile steamers from the north bring Western and Egyptian manufactured goods and cloth. The ubiquitous petrol tin is taking the place of the earthenware water-jar. The Bari chiefs now wear sun helmets and cast-off uniforms, the commoners wear either the Arab jellabieh or ragged shorts and the European striped shirt (with the tail hanging out at the back). The women are less ready to abandon tribal dress, but many now affect the blue cloth of the trader, which they wear either Arab-wise, covering the head



and body entirely, or Bangala-wise, under the arm-pits.

All this outside influence has not yet altered the everyday village life of the Bari very much. He still has his huts to build and thatch, his cattle or sheep and goats to herd, his canoes to hollow out, his fields to hoe and plant, his scaffolds to build, from the top of which his little son can protect the ripening "dura" (a sort of millet), by hurling lumps of clay from a stick at the marauding birds. At the proper season, there is hunting and fishing to do, and in the dry season, when the earth is as hard as the side of a pot, the monotonous throbbing of the drums throughout the warm nights tells watchful nature that the Bari are dancing. It is on such nights, too, after days when nothing is to be wrestled from the earth till the first rains have softened it, that a family circle or village will sit round in the courtyard after the evening meal, children and parents also, to listen to tales of the "good old times" when the people paid no taxes, when cattle were fat and plentiful, when drought and locusts were unknown—or at least, not mentioned.

Those were queer old days, if one goes by the stories. Animals and men either lived side by side as neighbours, or else waged deadly war on each other. There is something of the "Uncle Remus" and something of the "Just so" in them. The Lion



is the natural enemy of the Bari, the Hare and the Monkey the natural deceivers of the Lion—and occasionally the deliverers of the Bari heroes or heroines from positions into which no ordinary human being with normal intelligence would ever consent to be lured.

These stories are told over and over again, till the audience is word perfect, but no one ever tires of them. The telling points are welcomed with shouts and shrieks of laughter, clapping of hands or thumping of the ground with fists, just as though nobody knew from the very beginning what the end was to be. Repetition is the basis of the telling ; where a scene

repeats itself, the characters use precisely the same words as before, and these are crystallized in the form of songs, with a queer elusive lilt. When such a song is reached, the audience joins in with the narrator and the whole assembly chants it, marking the rhythm with swaying bodies or clapping hands.

. . . . .

The stories in this book were told me in the main by two "boys". Isaya Lukudu of the C.M.S. Mission at Loka told me most of them, and patiently sang the songs over and over again, till I could get them noted down and sing them back to him to his satisfaction. My own "boy", Lokule Kwaje, gave me the rest. Where the music is written in this book, it is as near to the original Bari air as European notation can get, and I have made the English "free" translation of the words fit the tunes rather than try to make the tunes fit an English literal translation.

Some of these stories have already appeared in vernacular print in "Likikirilen" by Mr. G. O. Whitehead, to whom, and to the C.M.S. at Loka, I am profoundly grateful, firstly, for putting me in touch with Lukudu, and, secondly, for permitting me to publish this very "Englishified" version.

May these tales give the children to whom you read them as much pleasure as the original Bari tales still give the Bari children.

*How to pronounce the names in these stories.*

It is only very recently that people have started to write in Bari at all, and it has not been easy to find letters to fit the queer sounds heard in Bari. Consequently, the names in these stories should not be pronounced in too "English" a way, but rather as follows :

1. *Kidden's First Adventure with the Lion.*

Kidden herself should be pronounced "Kid-den". Jöput, her sister, should be pronounced "Jer-poot" and Logilisuk, her brother, "Log-illy-sook."

2. *Jangara and the Toyok.*

Jangara should be pronounced "Jungara" as though he rhymed with "younger". The Toyok is pronounced just "Toy-ock". Mr. Swalikik Rumbek is pronounced "Swah-lick-ick Room-beck", but you may say "Swah-licky" for short.

3. *Kidden and the Snake.*

Munu is pronounced "Moo-noo".

4. *How the Bull Frog saved Logoro from the Lion.*

Logoro sounds like "Law-gaw-raw" said very quickly.

5. *Kidden's Second Adventure with the Lion.*

Könyi, Kidden's husband, is best pronounced "Ker-nie" to rhyme with "journey". Logilisuk has already been mentioned in connection with the first story.

6. *Wajubek and the Guinea-fowls.*

Wajubek is pronounced "Wah-joo-beck".

7. *How Kapengo danced to the Lion.*

Kapengo is pronounced "Cup-eng-gaw" in the story, but "Cup-eng-gaw" in the song, so as to fit the tune.

8. *Yata and the Hyena.*

Yata Jöputö is pronounced “Yah-tah Jer-pooter”.

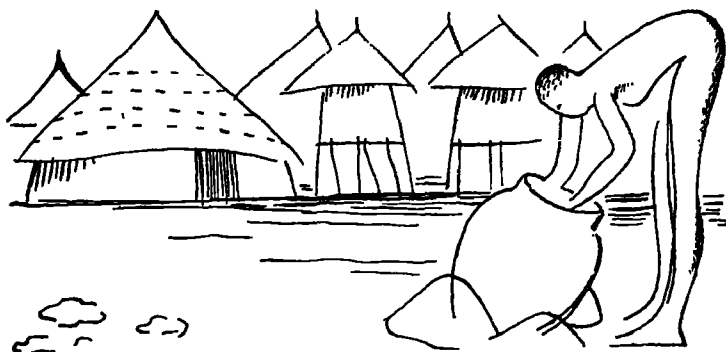
9. *Jöput's first and last adventure with the Lion.*

Jöput, as mentioned above, is pronounced “Jer-poot”,  
Jandi is pronounced “Jun-dy” to rhyme with “Sunday”  
and Karito is best said as “Curry-taw”.

10. *How the Earth was made.*

Ngun is a difficult name. Try saying “ngoon”, but  
pronounce the *ng* as in “singing”.  
Lokule is pronounced “Lo-coolie”.

## THE DISAPPOINTED LION



# I

## *Kidden's First Adventure with the Lion*

KIDDEN's mother had spent all the morning and most of the afternoon making the tamarind soup, and now she had gone back into the hut for a nap. The black pot stood in the middle of the dusty yard on three stones, and the smoke of the dead fire underneath it kept the soup nice and warm till father came home from the chief's council. Mother had said: "Good children always let father drink the soup first!" but it was a very hot afternoon and Kidden was hungry *and* thirsty, and there is only one thing to take when you are hungry *and* thirsty, and that is tamarind soup. So first she peeped in at the doorway of the hut, and saw that her mother was fast asleep with her mouth open. Then she stole up to the pot and dipped her finger in and sucked it. It was the loveliest soup she had ever tasted. She

thought she would just like to sip it, so she lifted the heavy pot with both hands and took a little sip. Then she took a bigger sip. Then she took a *much* bigger sip, and, before she knew it, the pot was empty.

What should she do? First of all she cried a little, then she went and filled the pot with water, and hoped that father would not notice the difference. (For she was only a little girl and didn't know any better.)

When father came home, mother woke up and called Jöput, Kidden's sister, and Logilisuk, Kidden's little brother, and they all sat down on the skins of animals that father had shot, and mother gave out the soup—or at least she *thought* it was soup. And father took a sip, and made a face; then he took another sip, and frowned; then he took a third sip, and said: "What's this?" And mother said: "It's nice tamarind soup."

"Soup!" cried father, "You've given me warm water!" They they all tasted it and it *was* warm water. Then father said in a terrible voice: "Who did this?" And Kidden began to cry; and then she told them what she had done.

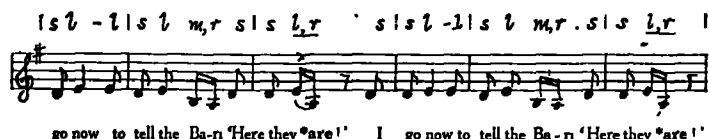
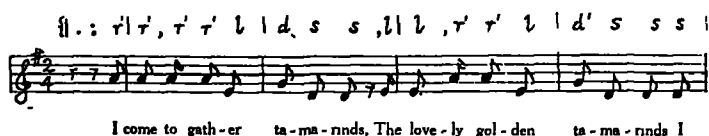
"Well!" said father, "If little monkeys eat my soup, then the little monkeys must go away and climb up tamarind trees, and not come back until they have gathered enough tamarinds to make *more* soup." So



Kidden was given a basket, and had to go out into the bush to gather more tamarinds.

So she went away, and her mother called after her: "Don't go too far, Kidden, for the sun will set soon."

Kidden looked high and she looked low, and she saw big trees and little trees, and bushes, and long grass, and spring flowers, but no tamarind tree could she see. At last, just as the sun was setting, she came to a great big tamarind tree (bigger than the biggest oak in England), and full of lovely tamarinds. She was so glad that she dropped her basket, and danced round the tree singing:



Then she picked up her basket and began to climb up, up, up among the leaves and branches, picking the tamarinds as fast as she could.

But she did not know that this tree was the council tree of the Lion, and that every night the Lion, and the Elephant, and the Jackal, and the Hyena, and the Thing-with-eyes-at-the-back-of-his-head, and all the

\* This word is spoken, not sung.

animals who could spare the time, used to meet under this tree and talk. And while she was dancing and singing round the tree, the animals were already on their way to their nightly pow-pow.

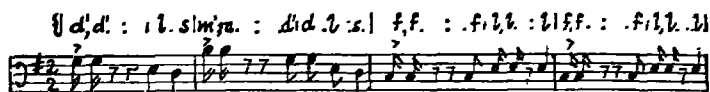
The Elephant heard her first, and said to the Lion: "Who is singing underneath *my* tree?" And the Lion replied huffily: "I thought it was *my* tree!" But by the time they had reached the tree, Kidden was already half-way up, and hidden by the leaves.

The Elephant flapped his big ears, and said: "I *hear* somebody in the tree!" The Lion shook his hairy mane and said: "I *see* somebody in the tree!" The Jackal, who had just arrived panting, for he was afraid he was late, said: "I can *smell* somebody in the tree!" And the Hyena, who actually was late, but never bothered to hurry, said lazily: "I *know* somebody is in the tree!"

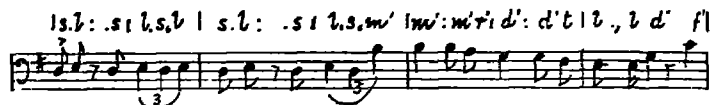
Then the Lion asked: "Who is it?" but nobody could say, because Kidden was hidden by the leaves. So the Lion called the Thing-with-eyes-at-the-back-of-his-head and said: "You look and tell me what it is." So the Thing-with-eyes-at-the-back-of-his-head first of all looked with the eyes which were at the *front* of his head, but the sun had already set and he could not see. Then he turned round and looked with the eyes that were at the *back* of his head, and he looked so hard that the tears rolled down the back of his neck. Then he said in a very solemn and

important voice, "That thing, whatever it is, is there!" And this seemed such a wise saying that nobody thought of asking him what he meant.

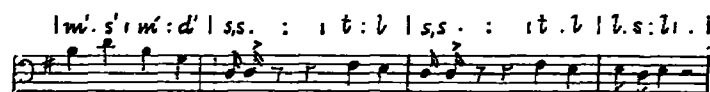
"Very well, then!" said the Lion, "We must cut down the tree." So he took an axe, and started to chop, singing:



Chopper! Chop tree! Chopper! I'll chop it down! Chopping and chopping and chopping and chopping and

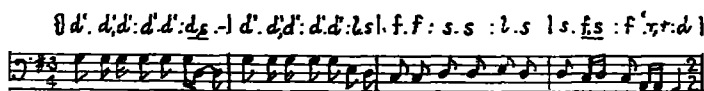


swing on the back-stroke and swing on the back-stroke till down comes the tree for the an-t-mals, so

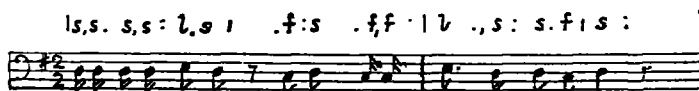


we may see and catch her quick-ly, catch her quick-ly, All of us!

But soon his paws got so full of blisters that he couldn't chop any more, and he had to hold his paws up in the air to get cool, while he sang sadly:

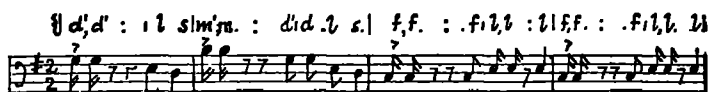


Take it a-way, a-way! Take it away, this chopper. I am full of blisters, Oh my hand is so sore!

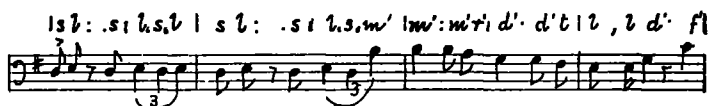


Takes-away this chop-per, a-way! While I hold up my poor paw.

Then the Elephant began to chop, singing:



Chopper! Chop tree! Chopper! I'll chop it down! Chopping and chopping and chopping and chopping and

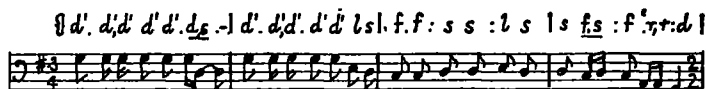


swing on the back-stroke and swing on the back-stroke tall down comes the tree for the an-i-mals, so

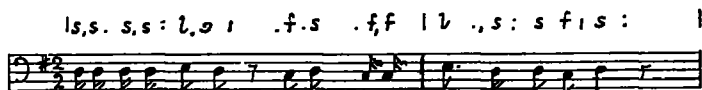


we may see and catch her quick-ly, catch her quick-ly, All of us!

But soon *his* paws got too full of blisters, and he had to hold them up in the air to get cool, while he sang sadly:



Take it a-way, a-way! Take it away, this chopper. I am full of blisters, Oh my hand is so sore!



Taken-away this chop-per, a-way! 'T' hile I hold up my poor paw.

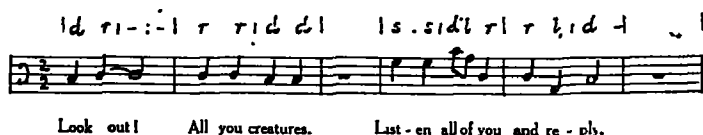
The other animals said that they were not strong enough to do any chopping. So the Lion told them all to form a ring round the tree, and said: "We must watch carefully, so that '*it*' doesn't

escape, and in the morning, when we can see, we'll catch it and eat it for breakfast. I'll take the first watch."

Meanwhile Kidden was feeling cold and frightened up in the tree, and she sang:



But the Lion sang in a loud voice:

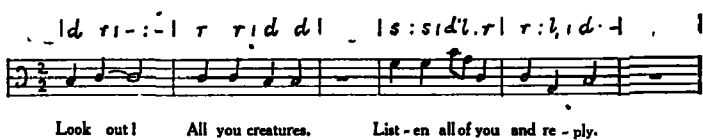


Then he went to sleep, and it was the Elephant's turn to watch.

After a little while, Kidden sang again:



But the Elephant replied in a deep voice:



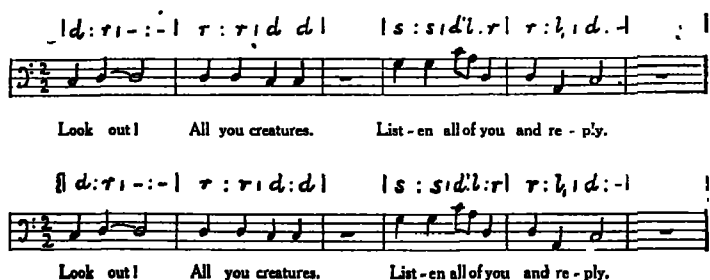
Then he went to sleep, and it was the Jackal's turn to watch.

And after a little while, Kidden sang again:





And the Jackal replied in a squeaky voice:



Then *he* went to sleep, and it was the Hyena's turn to watch.

And after a little while, Kidden sang again:



And the Hyena replied in a very sleepy voice:



and went to sleep half-way through his song.

Now it was the Thing-with-eyes-at-the-back-of-his-head's turn to watch, while the Hyena slept. And Kidden sang:



But no sound came from the Thing-with-eyes-at-the-back-of-his-head, for he was already asleep.

Then Kidden climbed down very softly and quickly, with her basket full of tamarinds, and she ran through the dark bush till she reached her village, and ran to her father's grain-bin, and poured all the tamarinds into it, and crept into her mother's hut, and was very thankful to be at home.



In an hour or two, the earth grew light, and the sun rose. The Lion sat up and rubbed his eyes, and the other animals sat up and yawned and scratched themselves.

Then the Lion called the Thing-with-eyes-at-the-back-of-his-head, and said: "Look in the tree again



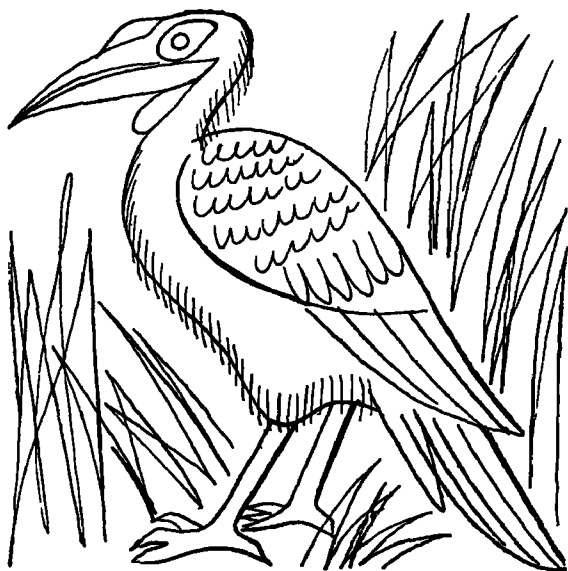
and tell me where 'it' is." And the Thing-with-eyes-at-the-back-of-his-head first looked with the eyes which were at the *back* of his head, but the sun had already risen and he could not see. So he looked with the eyes which were at the *front* of his head, and



he looked so hard that the tears rolled down his face. Then he said in a very solemn and important voice: "That thing, whatever it *was*, is no longer there!"

Then the Lion asked in a terrible voice, "Who was supposed to be looking after it?" At that, all the animals looked guilty, till the Jackal said: "The Ground-Hornbill!" (which wasn't true, because the Ground-Hornbill, being a bird of fastidious habits, had been asleep at home all night).

However, the Lion didn't know this, and asked the Jackal: "Where is the Ground-Hornbill?"



And the Jackal, who is really rather clever, said, “ I gave him such a beating for his carelessness, that he has run off home to his mother.”

This pleased the Lion, so nothing more was said about the matter, and the animals went away. But Kidden had to spend the whole of the day making tamarind soup.

## II

### *Jangara and the Toyok*

THIS is the story of a great hunter, and how he became famous. His name was Jangara, and, when he was quite a little boy, he used to take his little bow and arrows and shoot lizards. Then, when he was a little bigger, he shot birds and guinea-fowl. Then, when he grew much bigger, he used to go out hunting small animals, like the Dig-dig. Then he took to shooting bigger animals still, like the Water-buck, and finally he shot very big animals, like the Buffalo. And he said proudly, "What a great hunter I am!" and looked forward to the time when he could get a gun from somewhere, and shoot

an Elephant. But the villagers shook their heads and said: "You will never be a really great hunter until you have shot the Toyok."

(Now, neither you nor I nor the Bari—I suspect—know *exactly* what a Toyok is, but it is supposed to be very hard to shoot.)


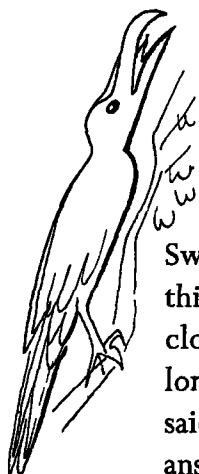
Well, Jangara used to



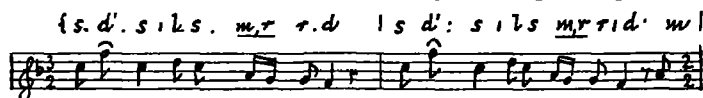
look for the Toyok every day, till he grew quite cross and agitated, and used to miss the animals he shot at. And every evening, when he came back, the villagers used to sit round and laugh and ask: "Have you shot the Toyok yet?" Which only made Jangara more angry still.

At last, one day, in the dense bush, he came across the Toyok. At least, he *thought* it must be the Toyok, because it was like no animal or bird or reptile that he had ever seen. For a minute he stared at the Toyok and the Toyok stared stupidly at him. Then in a flash he drew his bow, and *Tak!* shot the Toyok through where he thought its heart should be, and the Toyok fell down flop.

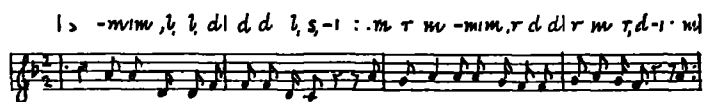




Then Jangara was very happy, and looked round to see if anyone had noticed his cleverness. But nobody was in sight, only the little Swaliki-bird (whose full name is Swalikik Rumbek). So Jangara called the Swaliki-bird and said: "What do you think of this?" The Swaliki-bird closed one eye and looked down his long curved beak with the other and said: "What is it?" And Jangara answered: "I have killed the Toyok!" and he cut off one of the Toyok's feet and gave it to the Swaliki-bird and said: "Take this home and tell my people how clever I am." So the Swaliki bird took the foot of the Toyok in his claws and said: "I shall sing to them this song," and, clearing his throat, he sang with great gusto:



Swa - li - kik, Swa - li - kik Rum-bek! Swa - li - kik, Swa - li - kik Rum-bek. 1

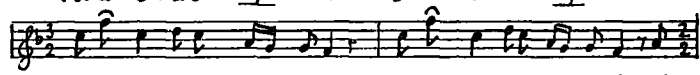
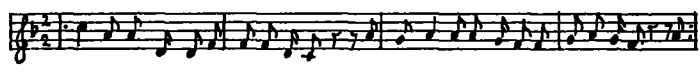


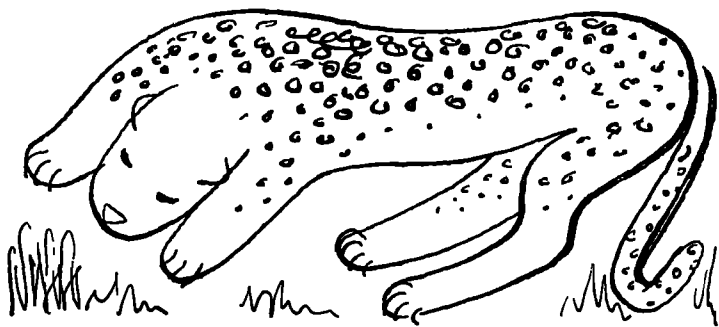
tell how Jan-ga-ra has killed the Tovok      I tell you how Jan-ga-ra has killed the Tovok. I

Jangara thought that there was perhaps more of "Swalikik Rumbek" than necessary in the song, and less of "Jangara" than there might be, but

the Swaliki-bird had already flown away with his message.

All that day the Swaliki-bird flew in great circles over the jungle, looking for someone to tell his message to. Whenever he saw an animal sleeping under a tree, he would perch on a branch of that tree, clear his throat, and sing:

1 s d' s i k s m r r d' 1 s d' s i k s m r r d' m |  
  
 Swa li kik Swa li - kik Rum bek! Swa - li - kik, Swa li - kik Rum-bek I  
 1 s - m m m, b b d d d d 1, 5 - 1 m r m - m m r d d r m r d - 1 m |  
  
 tell how Jan ga ra has killed the Toyok I tell you how Jan ga ra has killed the Toyok I

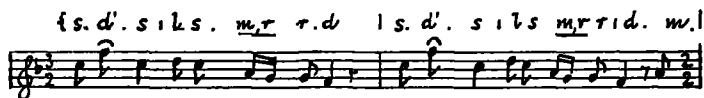


And when that animal had waked up and walked away to escape the noise of the song, the Swaliki-bird would fly off to sing it to somebody else.

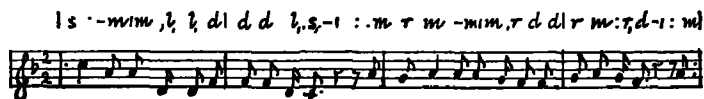




At last he came to the village of Jangara, and settled on the wrist of Jangara's mother, just as she was going to cook the evening meal, and sang (with as much gusto as though he had never sung it before):



Swa-li - lak, Swa-li - lak Rum-bek! Swa-li - lak, Swa-li - lak Rum-bek. I



tell how Jan-ga-ra has killed the Toyok. I tell you how Jan-ga-ra has killed the Toyok. I

Then Jangara's mother called all the villagers, shouting: "Jangara has shot the Toyok!" and they all set out to find Jangara and see the Toyok. When they reached the heart of the dark dense bush, there stood Jangara proudly, and there lay the Toyok. They all looked at it and they all thought it *must* be the Toyok, because it was like no animal or bird or reptile that they had ever seen. So they picked it up and brought it to the village, and cooked it and ate it.

Thus Jangara became the most famous hunter in the village, but nobody has ever seen a Toyok since.

### III

#### *Kidden and the Snake*

KIDDEN and her sister Jöput and two other girls, whose names don't matter here, went down one morning to the river to draw water. Each girl carried on her head a big pot to hold the water in. When they reached the river, the four girls filled their pots, put them on their heads, and began to walk home, one behind the other, along the twisty, narrow path. Kidden came last, and her pot was the biggest and the heaviest. And soon she got *so* tired and cross, and the sun grew so hot, and the other girls *would* walk so fast, that at last she was left far behind. When she saw that the other girls were out of sight, she put her pot on the ground and sat down next to it and sulked, for she was too cross and tired to cry.

Presently there was a faint rustling in the bushes behind her, and a soft voice called, "Kidden, Kidden, why are you crying?" And she answered, "I'm *not* crying, but this water-pot is very heavy and I am *so* tired." Then the soft voice said, "Let me carry it for you. But if I carry it for you, will you marry me?" Then Kidden asked, "Who are you?" and the soft voice replied, "I am Munu." "Very well then, Munu," said Kidden, "if you carry this pot home for me, I'll marry you."



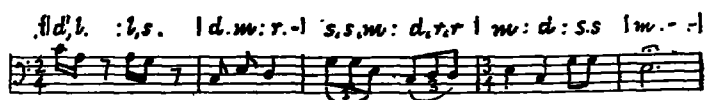
Now that was a very naughty thing for Kidden to say; first of all because she didn't mean to keep her promise, but only wanted someone to carry her pot for her; and, secondly, no girl should promise to marry someone she has never seen, without asking her parents first.

In any case, the harm was done now, and the soft voice said, "Go home, Kidden, and I'll bring the pot after you, and to-morrow I'll call for you to come and be my wife." At that Kidden grew afraid, and started to run, and never stopped running till she reached the circle of huts where her home was. And when she got there, all breathless, *there* in the middle of the yard, stood her water-pot, and none of the

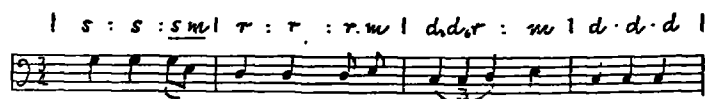
other girls, who had arrived about a quarter of an hour before, knew how it had come there!

Now Kidden grew really frightened, and called her mother and told her all about what had happened. "And what was the name of the strange person with the soft voice?" asked her mother. "Munu," answered Kidden. At that her mother trembled, and her black face grew grey, and she whispered, "Do you know what Munu means?" "No," answered Kidden. "It means *Snake*," and her mother burst into tears. "You have promised to marry the Snake." Neither of them slept that night, they were so frightened.

The next morning, when Father was away buying cloth from the trader, and Mother was away hoeing the family plot of ground, and Logilisuk was away trapping birds with bird lime, and Jöput was away drawing water, and Kidden was alone in the yard, grinding flour, she heard a soft voice singing among the bushes:

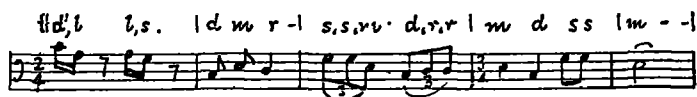


Kidden, Kidden, where are you? Yesterday you promised I should marry you.

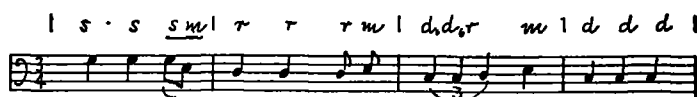


Far a - way, Far a - way, I'll car-ry you now, Far a - way.

At that she got up from her knees in a great fright, and ran out of the empty yard, and along the narrow twisty jungle path through the bush, till at last she arrived at the hut of the Dig-dig. And the Dig-dig called out, "Kidden, why are you running like that?" And Kidden, panting, said, "I am running away from the Snake." And the Dig-dig, with a flick of her tail, said, "Stir my porridge for me and my husband will look after you when he comes home." And Kidden said, "Yes, I will stir for you, but please take me far away." But the Dig-dig had already lit her pipe, and was sitting on a skin mat watching Kidden stir. And soon the soft voice of Munu came singing through the trees:



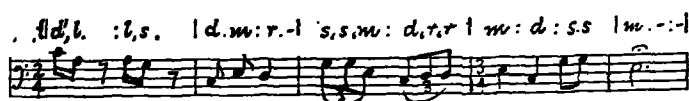
Kidden, Kidden, where are you? Yesterday you promised I should marry you.



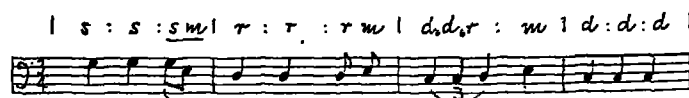
Far a - way, Far a - way, I'll car-ry you now, Far a - way.

And when Kidden heard the Snake, she jumped up in fear, and ran off down the narrow twisty jungle path. And the Dig-dig called after her, "Don't leave the porridge stick in the pot. Take it out." But she

hadn't time to listen. And Kidden ran and ran until she came to the hut of the Hartebeest. And the Hartebeest called out, "Kidden, why are you running like that?" And Kidden, panting more than ever, said, "I am running away from the Snake." And the Hartebeest, with a stamp of her foot, said, "Shell my monkey nuts for me, and my husband will look after you when he comes home." And Kidden said, "Yes, I will shell your monkey nuts for you, but please take me far away." But the Hartebeest had already gone into her hut for a nap. And soon the soft voice of Munu came singing through the trees:



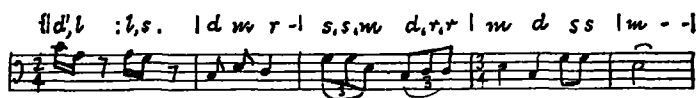
Kidden, Kidden, where are you? Yesterday you promised I should marry you.



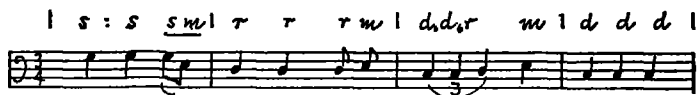
Far a - way, Far a - way, I'll car-ry you now, Far a - way.

And when Kidden heard the Snake, she sprang to her feet, trembling, and ran off down the narrow twisty jungle path. And the Hartebeest called out in a sleepy voice, "Don't leave the shells lying about all over the yard. Pick them up!" But she hadn't time to

listen. And Kidden ran and ran until she came to the hut of the Waterbuck. And the Waterbuck called out, "Kidden, why are you running like that?" And Kidden, who was panting so much that she could scarcely speak, said, "I-am-running-away-from-the-Snake." And the Waterbuck, with a toss of her head, said, "Grind my flour, and my husband will look after you when he comes home." And Kidden said, "Yes, I will grind for you, but please take me far away." But the Waterbuck had already gone off to visit a neighbour. And soon the soft voice of Munu came singing through the trees:



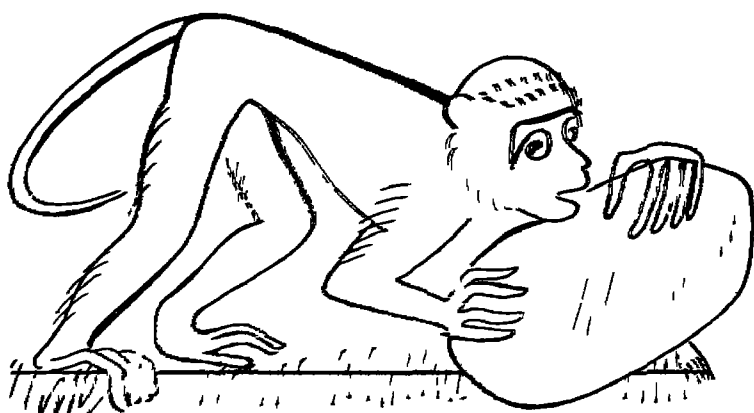
**Kiddin, Kiddin, where are you? Yesterday you promised I should marry you.**



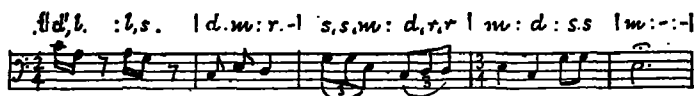
Far a - way, Far a - way, I'll car-ry you now, Far a - way.

And when Kidden heard the Snake, she staggered to her feet, whimpering, and ran off down the narrow twisty jungle path. And the Waterbuck, who had just returned from visiting her neighbour, called out after her, "Don't leave the grindstone on the ground. Put it in the hut!" But she hadn't time to listen.

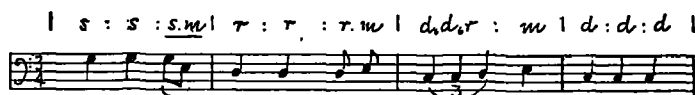




And Kidden ran and ran till she came to the hut of the Red Monkey. And the Monkey called out, "Kidden, why are you running like that?" But Kidden was so exhausted that she could only flop on the ground and point to the bush. Then the Monkey put his pipe down, and called to his wife, "Bring Kidden something to drink." And when it came, Kidden drank and drank. Then the Monkey said, "You had better go inside the hut and rest, while I look after you." So she did. Then the Monkey took a grinding-stone, so heavy that he and his wife could scarcely lift it, and fixed it just above the doorway of the hut. Then he put a skin mat on the ground, just in front of the doorway of the hut, exactly below the grinding-stone. Scarcely had he finished, when the soft voice of Munu came singing through the trees:

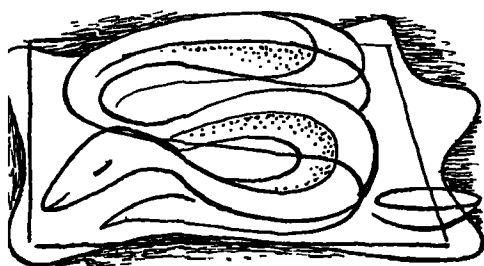


**Kidden, Kidden, where are you? Yesterday you promised I should marry you.**



Far a - way, Far a - way, I'll car-ry you now, Far a - way.

Then the Monkey crept to the side of the hut, and whispered to Kidden, "Is that Munu who is singing?" and Kidden whispered back, "It is." Then the Monkey went and stood in the middle of the yard, and the Snake came wriggling out of the long grass with all his scales shining in the sun, and stopped in front of the Monkey and asked, "Is there somebody here who belongs to me?" And the Monkey answered, "No, I don't think so. But if you are looking for someone, sit down on that mat, while I ask my friends." Then the Snake coiled himself up on the mat which the Monkey had put for him below the heavy grinding-stone, and the Monkey gave him



drink, and he drank it until he became sleepy  
and fell over on his side. Then the Monkey  
climbed softly onto the roof of his hut, and gave the  
grinding-stone

a gentle push.

And the heavy

grinding-stone

slid

and

fell

“ Crunch ”

on

top

of

the Snake,

and killed him.

So Kidden was able to go home in peace.

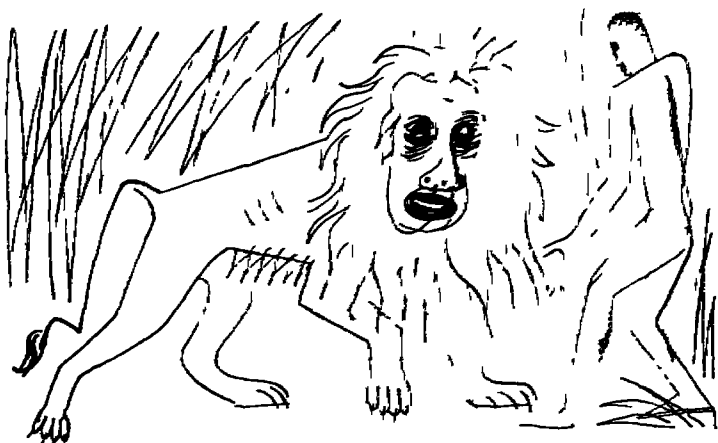
## IV

### *How the Bull Frog saved Logoro from the Lion*

ONE day, Logoro and his Father took their bows and arrows and their Dog, and went into the woods to hunt. At first they had no luck at all, and were just thinking of going home again, when they came to a small stream, where they saw a Water-rat playing on the bank. Now, though you wouldn't think it, Water-rats are very nice to eat (at least to the Bari), so in a moment that Water-rat was pierced by two arrows, while the two hunters felt happier. They stayed some time there, and managed to kill three more Water-rats with the help of the Dog.

By now it was sunset, and they were all feeling very hungry, so Logoro was sent off to gather firewood, while his Father skinned the Water-rats.

It was getting dark under the trees by now, and the firewood was difficult to find. Suddenly Logoro saw two little points of light under one of the trees. "What good luck!" he cried, "Somebody has left a fire burning, and these two sparks will do nicely for our fire." And he ran to collect them, for, since the Bari have no matches, lighting a fire is always a troublesome business, and these sparks would certainly save Logoro a lot of time. As he reached out his hand for them, however, there was an angry roar, and something big jumped up in front of him, causing



him to sit down very hard on the ground. The next moment he found himself face to face with a very angry Lion. What poor Logoro had thought to be two sparks of fire were really the Lion's two shining eyes.

"You young rascal!" roared the Lion, showing his teeth, which were red from the blood of all the animals he had eaten, "What do you mean by spoiling my evening nap?"

Logoro saw that he couldn't escape, so he thought very rapidly for something to say to calm the Lion. At last he swallowed hard and said: "Please Chief, my Father and I have just killed four Water-rats, and Father sent me to ask you if you wouldn't like to come and help us eat them."

At that, the Lion smiled lazily and said: "Very well, but you must carry me, as I am feeling tired."

So poor Logoro had to pick up the heavy Lion (as well as the firewood) and carry him over his shoulder, wondering all the time what his Father would do. As they drew near the picnic place, Logoro's Father looked up and saw Logoro coming along with a big load on his back, but it was too dark for him to see what it was. "Whatever *are* you carrying, Logoro?" he called.

The Lion pricked up his ears when he heard the Father's voice, and asked: "What's that your Father said?"

And Logoro, after thinking hard and swallowing hard, said: "Father says, 'Carry the nice Lion carefully.'"

They reached the picnic place, and as Logoro put the Lion down carefully, his Father asked again: "Whatever have you got there, Logoro?"

The Lion pricked up his ears again at this, and asked: "What's that your Father said?"

And Logoro, after thinking hard and swallowing hard again, answered: "Father says, 'Put the nice Lion down carefully.'"

And now Logoro's Father saw that it was the Lion, and he grew grey with fright, but the Lion didn't notice this, as he examined first the Water-rats, then the Dog, then Logoro, and then Logoro's Father.

"Well, well, well!" smiled the Lion, rubbing his paws, "I have a splendid idea!"

“What’s that?” asked Logoro, trembling.

“It’s this,” answered the Lion with a chuckle.

“First of all you let the Dog eat the Water-rats.”

“Yes?” asked Logoro, doubtfully.

“Then you let Logoro eat the Dog?” continued the Lion.

“Yes?” asked Logoro’s Father, still more doubtfully.

“And then,” continued the Lion, turning to Logoro’s Father, “You can eat Logoro.”

“No!” cried Logoro’s Father, jumping up in terror.

“Yes!” roared the Lion, shaking his mane.

“But what happens then, if I do eat Logoro?” asked the old man.

“A-ha!” laughed the Lion, licking his lips.

“Well, I won’t!” said Logoro’s Father, firmly.

“Yes you will!” answered the Lion, and they argued in this way for some time.

Meanwhile, the Bull Frog, who happened to be passing at the time, heard the noise they were making. “What’s all this?” he growled to himself, (for the Bull Frog has a very deep and important voice), and he crept up close to listen. He soon understood Logoro’s plight, and at once began to think of a plan to save him. He first hid behind a big bush, where nobody could possibly see him, and then suddenly called out, in as terrible a voice as he could:

“ NOW THEN, NOW THEN, WHAT’S ALL THIS ABOUT? ”

So sudden and loud was his voice, that they all, including the Lion, nearly jumped out of their skins, but when they turned round, they could see nobody; but at the same time they felt that it must be a very big and terrifying creature to have a voice like that. So it was in a very timid little voice that Logoro answered:

“ Please, Great Chief! The Lion says that our Dog must eat the Water-rats.”

“ Yes, and that Logoro must then eat the Dog,” interrupted Logoro’s Father.

“ And then Logoro’s Father must eat Logoro! ” the Lion joined in, but he didn’t add what was to happen then.

“ I see! ” said the Bull Frog, from his hiding-place behind the bush. “ Now you all listen to me, and don’t you dare to disobey me. The Dog must eat the Water-rats.” (“ Yes?” said Logoro, doubtfully.) “ Then Logoro must eat the Dog?” (“ Yes?” said Logoro’s Father, still more doubtfully.) “ Then Logoro’s Father must eat Logoro.” (“ Quite right!” said the Lion emphatically.) “ Then the Lion may eat Logoro’s Father.” (“ A-ha?” laughed the Lion, licking his lips.) “ And then,” went on the Bull Frog in his most terrible voice,



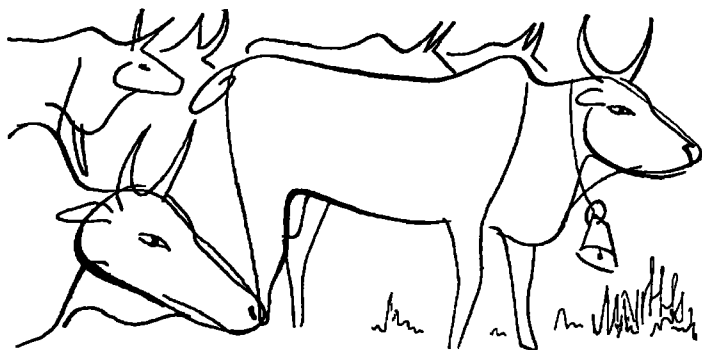


**“ I SHALL EAT THE LION! ”**

When the Lion heard these words, he tucked his tail between his legs, and ran for his life. And while Logoro and his Father stood there trembling, from

behind the bush popped the Bull Frog smiling from one side of his face to the other.

So Logoro and his Father and the Dog were able to go home safely with the Water-rats that they had caught, after thanking the Bull Frog for saving their lives by his cleverness.



## V

### *Kidden's Second Adventure with the Lion*

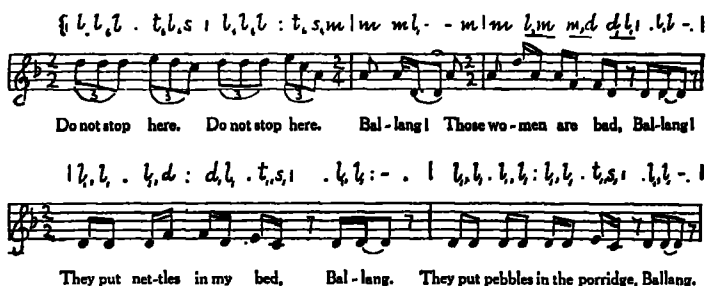
**T**HIS story took place when Kidden was grown up and married. Her husband's name was Könyi, and, being a very rich man with much cattle, he had already got two wives when he married Kidden. Now these two wives, whose names are not important in this story, hated Kidden, because Könyi loved her best of all three: and they did their best to make her life miserable. Whenever Kidden was straining the salt from the ashes of plants (for that is how the Bari get salt), these two would wait till her back was turned, and then mix it with ashes again: or whenever Kidden was cooking porridge for Könyi, they would come quietly behind her and drop sand and stones into it, so that, when she tasted it, it would taste like mud.

All this made Kidden sad, and also frightened, in case Könyi thought she was a bad cook and left off liking her. One day she made up her mind to run away and live by herself. So she rolled up her sleeping mat and cooking pots into a bundle, which she carried on her head, and she called Logilisuk, her young brother, to come and drive her cattle for her, and she set out from Könyi's village just as the sun was rising.

They walked all the morning along twisty paths and over quiet streams, till they reached a place far away. And Logilisuk asked Kidden:



But Kidden shook her head and replied:

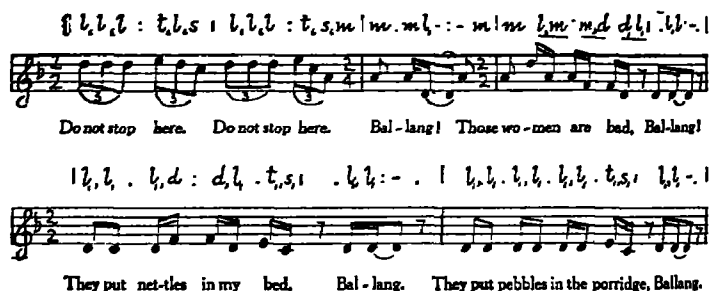


So on they journeyed through the heat of the day,

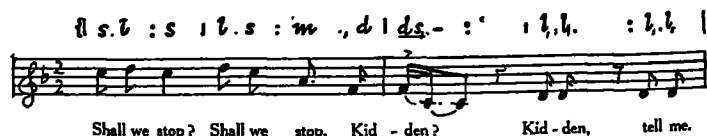
over bare hillsides or under shady trees, till they reached another place, further away. And Logilisuk, who was feeling rather tired by now, asked:



But Kidden shook her head and replied:

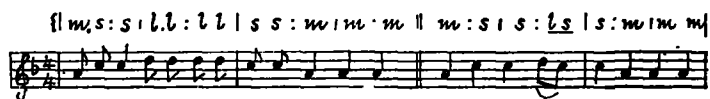


So on they plodded, through the lengthening shadows of the afternoon, through long grass and burnt thickets, till they reached another place, further away still. And Logilisuk, who was now very tired, asked:



And Kidden said, "yes".

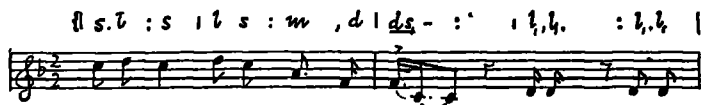
So Logilisuk cut down trees, and made the framework of a hut for Kidden, and Kidden gathered long grass and thatched the roof. And there they lived together for some time. Every morning, Logilisuk would go to the cattle that were tethered in front of the hut, and take off their halters, and drive them off to eat grass. And every evening he would drive them back to be milked. The old bull, who always walked in front of the herd, used to rattle the bell that hung round his neck, and the bell rang this tune:



Swing away, ring and rat-tle, swing a-way, Deng-Deng. Tell the peo-ple, tell the Ba-ri.

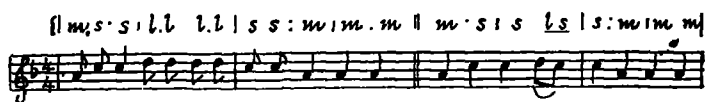
One evening, however, the Lion happened to be strolling through that part of the country, when he heard the pleasant sound of the cow bell. At that he pricked up his ears and snuffed the air, and soon saw Kidden's hut.

That night he crept up to the hut, but the door was closed. So he sat up, and sang in as pleasant a voice as possible:

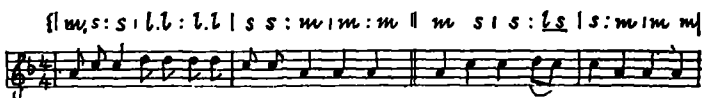


O-pen door O-pen door, Kid - den, Kid - den, will you.





Swing away, ring and rat-tle, swing a - way, Deng - Deng. Tell the peo - ple, tell the Ba-ri.

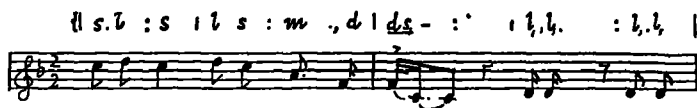


Swing away, ring and rat-tle, swing a - way, Deng - Deng. Tell the peo - ple, tell the Ba-ri.

But neither he nor Kidden knew of the magic bone in the cooking pot.

That night, while Logilisuk was eating his food among the cattle, suddenly the magic bone stuck in his throat. He jumped up and choked, and coughed, and sneezed, and patted himself on the back, but it was no good. The bone remained stuck in his throat, and he had to go to sleep like that.

When it was quite dark, the Lion crept quietly out of the long grass and up to the door of the hut, and, sitting on his haunches, sang as sweetly as he could:

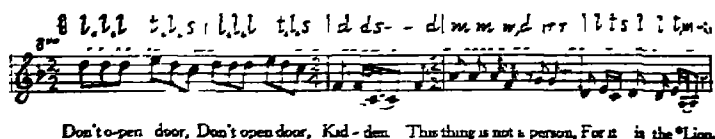


O-pen door, O-pen door, Kid - den, Kid - den, will you.

But Logilisuk saw him, and, though his throat was



choked by the magic bone, he managed to sing in a very tiny and squeaky voice:



So Kidden kept the door shut, and the Lion had to walk angrily away into the night.

All the next day, the magic bone remained stuck in Logilisuk's throat, and his throat swelled until he couldn't speak or swallow.

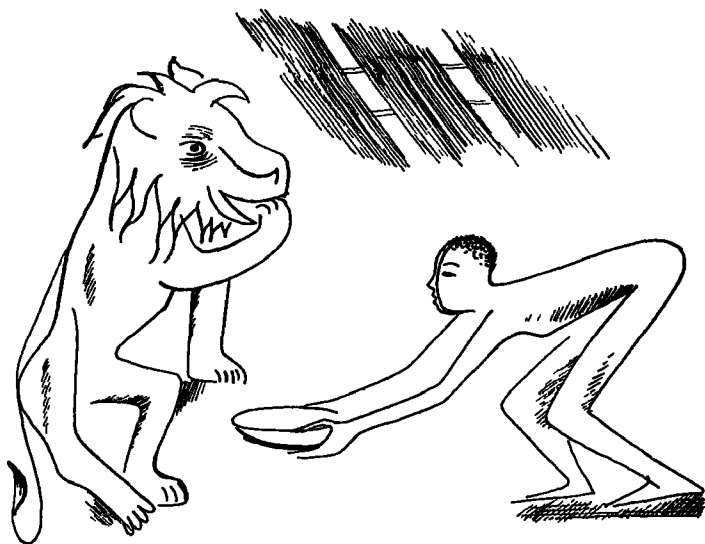
That night the Lion crept quietly out of the long grass and up to the door of the hut, and, sitting on his haunches, sang in as charming a way as he could:



But this time, Logilisuk's throat was so swollen that he couldn't speak. And Kidden opened the door of the hut and the Lion sprang in.

"A-ha!" roared the Lion with glee. "Now I've got in at last!" and he went and sat down in the best place in the hut.

\* This word spoken, not sung.



“Bring me food to eat and milk to drink!” he now commanded, and Kidden, trembling, hastened to obey him. When he had eaten all Kidden’s supper, he leaned back lazily and said: “I’ve got a sore place on my shoulder. Rub it!” So poor Kidden had to rub the Lion’s shoulder while he went to sleep. Whenever she left off, the Lion would wake up and growl: “Go on rubbing!” so that poor Kidden had no sleep that night at all.

When morning dawned, the Lion got up and went out to catch wild animals in the woods, saying that he would return in the evening. Directly he had gone, Kidden came running out of the hut to where Logilisuk was sleeping among the cattle, and cried

out to him: "Why did you let the Lion come in? Why didn't you warn me?"

Poor Logilisuk could only point to his swollen throat and make little gulping noises. Then Kidden understood, for she knew something about magic herself, and she made Logilisuk open his mouth wide while with her long fingers she pulled out the magic bone that was stuck in his throat.

"Whatever shall we do now?" wailed Kidden. "The Lion is sure to come back to-night. We must run away at once."

So Kidden rolled her sleeping mat and cooking pots into a bundle, which she carried on her head, and Logilisuk collected all the cattle, and off these two set on their travels again.

All day they travelled through the open bush, till they reached a River. There they had to stop, for the river was full of rippling water, and was too deep to cross. Logilisuk felt very sad when he saw this, but Kidden, who, as I said before, understood something about magic, sang to the River this song:



And the River replied in a watery voice, "All right, but promise not to trample on my children." "Of course we won't trample on your children," answered Kidden. So the River opened, leaving a path of dry land for Kidden to pass through. This path was full of fish and frogs and scuttling crabs, all gasping for breath and wondering where the River had gone to, but Kidden and Logilisuk and the cattle walked on tip-toe through the middle of the River, without treading on a single fish or crab. And when they had passed right through, the River closed again.

That evening, the Lion came triumphantly to Kidden's camp, and when he saw that the hut was empty, he was very angry indeed. First of all, he ramped round in a terrible temper, then, when he had calmed down a bit, he took a stone and threw it along one of the paths as hard as he could. The stone flew bounding along the path, mile after mile, but every time it hit the path it said: "No! No! No!" Then he took another stone and threw it along another path as hard as he could. The stone flew bounding along the path, mile after mile, across the River, till far away he heard it strike against the iron bangles on Kidden's ankles: "Clang!"

Then the Lion laughed and said: "That's the way she has gone," and off he galloped, as hard as he could down the path, to overtake Kidden. All

night he galloped, and in the morning he arrived at the River, which he found full of rippling water. Forthwith, he sat down on his haunches and sang:

♩ .l | s l : s .l : m r | r r t, t, s, s : .m |
   
 I ask you rip-ple riv-er, Riv-er, riv-er, riv-er. I

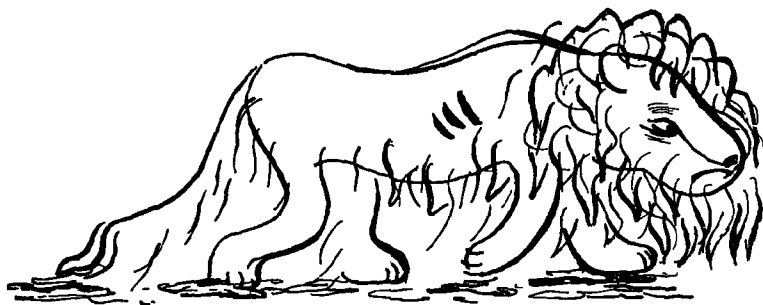
| m l : s .l : m r | r . r t, t, s, s : | m m d d, r r m |
   
 ask you rip-ple riv-er, Riv-er, riv-er, riv-er. Riv-er, ri-ver, let me through.

And the River replied in a watery voice: "All right, but promise not to trample on my children."

"Of course, I won't trample on your children," answered the Lion. So the River opened, leaving a path of dry land for the Lion to pass through, and this path was full of fish and frogs and scuttling crabs, all gasping for breath and wondering where the River had gone to again.

When the Lion saw the gasping fish and frogs and crabs, he suddenly remembered that he had had no breakfast, and he began to gobble them up as fast as he could. This was too much for the River, and at once it closed itself, and the water came together on top of the wicked Lion, and rolled him over and over, and finally washed him on to the bank where he had

come from. It was a very bedraggled and disappointed Lion that crawled out of the raging River, and went home shivering.



Meanwhile, Kidden and Logilisuk and the cattle journeyed on and on, this time in the direction of Kidden's old home, where her Father and Mother and Jöput lived. As they drew near the familiar homestead, Kidden sang:

fls, sd - : s, s - - s | b s m d i d, d r m | r d l, l, s d, d - s |

Bal-lang! Bal-lang! Oh mother, mother, tell my father that I have come back, Ballang! For

ls f. r m, s, . d, d - . r | r r, d. r, l, . d, d - m l m l, n u m d, d, l, l, l - |

I am Kidden. Ballang. My husband's Konyi Ballang. Those women are bad. Ballang!

l, l, l, . l, d : d, l, . t, s, . l, l, l, . l, l, l, l, l, t, s, l, l, l, . l

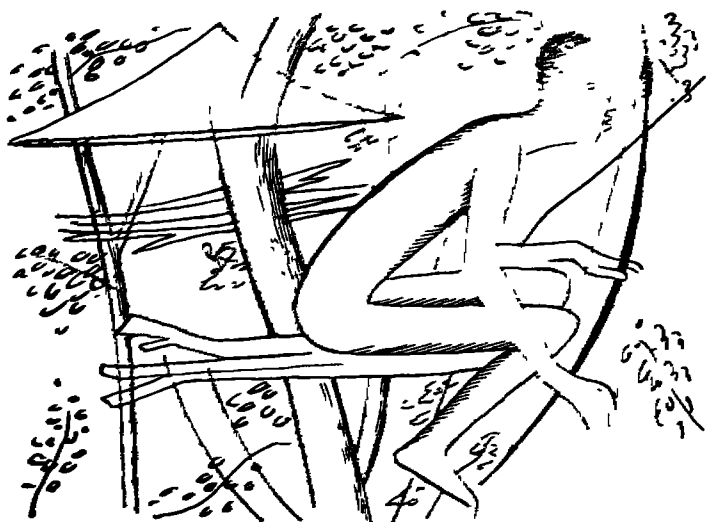
They put net-tles in my bed, Bal-lang. They put pebbles in the porridge, Ballang.



their fathers repay all the marriage cattle he had given for them.

And now he took Kidden joyfully back to his village, and Kidden cooked his food again, and filtered his salt, and he tasted it and found it very nice. "Ah, Kidden," said he, "How silly I was not to see how cruel my other two wives were to you. But now we'll be happy together for the rest of our lives." And so they were.





## VI

### *Wajubek and the Guinea-fowls*

**N**ow Wajubek was a very industrious young man (as most newly married young men are), and he used to spend a lot of time hoeing his field and planting his grain. When the grain grew big, he built a scaffold, on top of which he could sit and frighten the birds away by throwing lumps of mud at them. Soon the grain grew white, and it was nearly time to cut it. Then a sad thing happened. Every day, when he climbed up the scaffold, he noticed that his grain was getting less and less. One morning he examined the ground carefully, among the stalks of his crops,

and discovered the footprints of Guinea-fowls, and then he knew of course why it was that his grain was disappearing. At that he beat his chest with his hands and cried: "Woo-dyoo! Woo-dyoo! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Now Logilisuk happened to be passing the field at the time and he heard all this hullabaloo. "Hullo, Wajubek," he cried, "What are you crying about?"

"I'm crying", wept Wajubek, "because the Guinea-fowls are gobbling up all my grain."

"Well," said Logilisuk, "When you have finished crying about it, what are you going to *do*?"

"I don't know, I don't know!" answered Wajubek, his tears falling faster than ever.

"Well, the best thing you can do," said Logilisuk, helpfully, "will be to hide somewhere and try to catch the Guinea-fowls." So the next morning early, Wajubek climbed into a tree with his bow and arrows and waited for the Guinea-fowls to appear.

About the middle of the day, when everybody else was asleep, the Guinea-fowls appeared at the edge of Wajubek's field. They looked first



this way, and then that way, clucking to each other; then one of them—a lame old hen—saw Wajubek hiding in the tree, and with a great scuttling and flapping of wings, they all ran away.

The next day Wajubek hid behind a bush, but the same thing happened. Before they were near enough for him to shoot, the lame old hen saw him, and off they scuttled, flapping their wings and clucking to each other.

After four days of this sort of thing, Wajubek got tired of hiding in trees and bushes, and said to his wife: “ Killeng, our grain is disappearing, and I am tired of lying in wait for Guinea-fowls which never come. What shall I do? ”

Killeng thought for a while, and then said: “ I’ll get some ashes and soak them in water, and then smear them all over you, so that you’ll look as if you are dead, and then I’ll carry you into the field, and see what the Guinea-fowls do about it.”

So she collected a heap of ashes, and soaked them in water, till she had made them into a grey mud, and then she rolled Wajubek in it till he was covered all over with this grey mud. Then she carried him into the field, and put him down just where the Guinea-fowls were likely to come. Wajubek lay on the ground quite stiff, and pretended to be dead.

About the middle of the day, when the sun was

hottest, the Guinea-fowls appeared at the edge of Wajubek's field. They looked this way and that way, clucking to each other; then one of them saw Wajubek lying straight and stiff on the ground.

"Why is Wajubek sleeping out there in the sun?" asked that Guinea-fowl. "Perhaps he is dead," suggested another. But the lame old hen said: "I'm sure he's shamming!"

So they stood there in a bunch, clucking softly and looking first at each other and then at Wajubek; but Wajubek lay absolutely stiff and still and did not move.

Then one of them said again: "Wajubek must be dead!" and they all waddled towards him and began to cry:

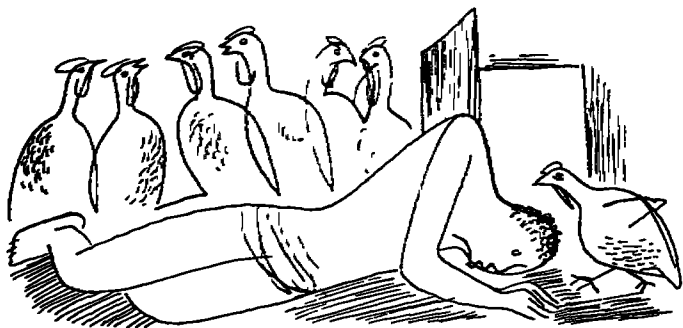
"Woo-dyoo! What has happened to our Wajubek?  
Woo-dyoo! What has happened to our Wajubek?  
Who will sow nice seeds for us to eat now?  
And who will plant nice beans for us to eat now?"

And they wept and squawked and cackled with sorrow. But the lame old hen said: "I'm sure he's shamming!" and Wajubek lay absolutely stiff and still and did not move.

Then one of the birds said: "Let us carry poor Wajubek home with us and weep for him at home." All of them thought that this was a good idea, except the lame old hen, who clucked disapprovingly, "No, let us weep for him outside in the open air. I'm

sure Wajubek is shamming.” But another Guinea-fowl turned to her and said: “You disrespectful old hen! How can we weep for a dead friend *outside*? We must take him home.”

So they sorrowfully carried Wajubek to their home—(and Wajubek lay absolutely stiff and still and did not move). When they reached their village, they carried him into their hut and put him down on a mat and sat round him weeping and crying:



“ Our dear Wajubek is dead. Our dear Wajubek is dead.  
And who will sow nice seeds for us to eat now?  
And who will plant nice beans for us to eat now? ”

But all the time that they were lamenting, Wajubek had his eye on the open door of the hut, and presently he began to shuffle slowly—ever so slowly—so as to push against the door with his back. Nobody noticed this, however, except the lame old hen, who had been suspicious from the first. When she saw how Wajubek was pushing slowly against the door,

she gave one squawk, and “ Pur-r-r-r-! ” out she flew, just as Wajubek slammed the door to with a bang.

And now Wajubek had the rest of the Guinea-fowls at his mercy in the dark hut. First he caught one Guinea-fowl, and it squawked: “ Gweek! ” And the lame old hen outside flapped her wings and cried:

Then Wajubek caught another Guinea-fowl, and it squawked: “ Gweek! ” And the lame old hen outside flapped her wings and cried:

After which the lame old hen flew away.

But Wajubek caught the remainder of the Guinea-fowls, and when he had caught them all, he tied their legs together in a bunch and took them home for supper. And his grain was never eaten by Guinea-fowls any more.

## VII

### *How Kapengo danced to the Lion*

KAPENGO was a little girl who was very fond of dancing. Whenever the drums at any village struck up, she would be the first person there and the last to go away when the dance was over. And she would never wait for anybody or anything, once she heard the drums. Even if she were in the middle of weeding or cooking, she would leave off immediately, dash into her hut, fling her bracelets and other ornaments about her and be off to the dance as fast as her legs could carry her.

One evening she was coming home from the river with her sisters, each girl carrying a large pot full of water on her head. Suddenly the girls heard the sound of distant drumming. Immediately Kapengo threw down her water-pot and rushed off home to get her ornaments. The other girls called out after her: "Don't go, Kapengo, they are bad drums!" but she wouldn't listen.

She reached home and flung her bracelets and other ornaments about her and started off for the dance. Her mother saw her, and called out excitedly after her: "Don't go, Kapengo, they are bad drums!" but she wouldn't listen, but ran on.

Soon she met several men coming from the fields, where they had been hoeing, and they called out:



“Where are you going, Kapengo?” and she answered: “I’m going to the dance.”

“Don’t go, Kapengo!” shouted the men, “They are bad drums!” but she wouldn’t listen, but ran on.

Presently she met several women coming from some other fields, where they had been weeding, and they called out: “Where are you going, Kapengo?” and she answered: “I am going to the dance.”

“Don’t go, Kapengo!” called the women, “They are bad drums!” but she wouldn’t listen, but ran on.

At last she drew near the place of the drumming, and the noise of it came from a little village that she had never seen before. And another thing that was strange was that although the drums were being played very loudly, there was no sound of people’s voices singing or of people’s hands clapping, as at an ordinary Bari dance. Still, she thought, since she had come so far, she wouldn’t go back now—so she ran up to the silent village, threaded her way between the empty huts, and bounded happily into the open courtyard which lay in the middle of the village.

And there she saw something that made her heart stop beating with fright. For the courtyard was utterly empty except for the drums grouped in the middle, but beating these drums, with a wicked



smile on his face, and with eyes glaring in the twilight, was a great big Lion.

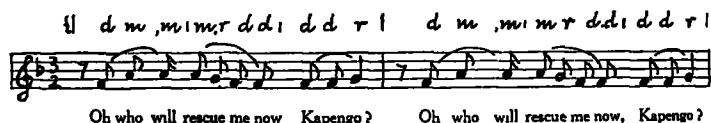
“A-ha!” roared the Lion, “Now, at last, I’ve got somebody!” and he left off beating the drums and seized Kapengo. “I’ve been beating those drums for half the evening,” he added, “and I’m now very hungry. But at last I can go home and have my supper,” and he looked greedily at Kapengo.

Poor Kapengo didn’t know what to do. She just stood and trembled, while the Lion packed his belongings (which consisted in some magic rain-stones) into a little skin bag.

“Before we go, I must put the drums inside the huts,” said the Lion briskly, “else the dew will

spoil them.” Kapengo now began to wonder if she could escape while the Lion was in the huts, but the Lion was too clever for her, for he said: “ While I am inside, putting the drums away, you must dance and sing, so that I can hear that you are not trying to run away.”

So while he carried one of the drums into the hut, she very sadly danced and sang this song:



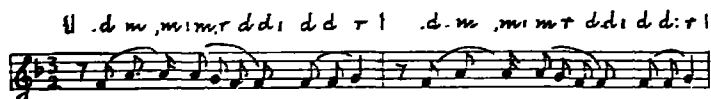
and every time she paused for breath, the Lion roared: “ Go on singing! ”

Suddenly Kapengo had an idea. She quickly took off all her bracelets and ornaments and put them on the ground; then, as soon as the Lion's back was turned, while he carried another drum into the hut, she snatched up the bag containing the magic rain-stones and ran out of the village as fast as she could.



As soon as the Lion entered the hut, he roared:  
“ Sing again! ” and at once all Kapengo’s bracelets

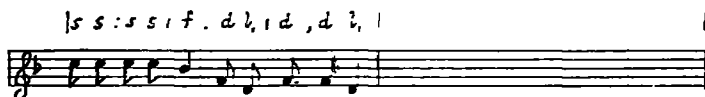
and ornaments began to dance up and down in the courtyard and sing:



Oh who will rescue me now, Kapengo? Oh who will rescue me now, Kapengo?



I will never-more leave my home a-gain. I shall ne-ver-more want to roam a-gain.



I will never-more leave my home a-gain.

At last all the drums were put away, and the Lion came out of the hut smiling and rubbing his paws. And there in the middle of the courtyard he saw Kapengo's bracelets and ornaments, but of Kapengo herself he saw not a sign. But his anger at losing her was nothing compared to his rage when he discovered that his precious magic stones were also missing. He ran round the village roaring with all his might and looking in all the huts—although he knew very well that she wasn't there.

But finally he calmed down, and squatting in the middle of the village courtyard, he lifted his chin into the air and called: "Magic stones! Magic stones!"

Then he listened hard, and far away he heard their faint voices calling: "Here we are, master!"

Forthwith he set off in pursuit, along the narrow path that Kapengo had followed. Every time he came to where two paths joined, he stopped and called: "Magic stones! Magic stones!" and away down one of the paths he would hear their faint voices calling: "Here we are, master!"

Meanwhile, Kapengo, hurrying towards her home, with the bag of magic rain-stones held tightly in her hand, also heard the faint voices of the stones calling the Lion, and she also heard the voice of the Lion drawing nearer and nearer. She soon realized that the Lion would catch her before she reached home if she kept the stones any longer.

So when she reached the next place where two paths joined, she threw the bag of magic rain-stones as far as she could down one path, while she herself ran down the other path.

When the Lion reached the same place a few minutes later, he stopped and called: "Magic stones! Magic stones!" and the voices of the stones answered him: "Here we are master!" from the path where Kapengo had not gone, and the Lion went galloping down this path as fast as he could. Now, because the Lion was looking for Kapengo, he didn't notice the little bag of stones lying on the path, but galloped right over them in his hurry to catch Kapengo. So

the next time when he called out: "Magic stones! Magic stones!" the faint voices of the stones came from *behind* him, and he had to gallop all the way back again. And even then he missed them, and went galloping right over them again. In fact, it was quite a time before he discovered the trick that had been played on him—and by then Kapengo was safely at home.

## VIII

### *Yata and the Hyena*

ONCE upon a time, there was a Bari woman who was very unhappy because all her children used to die soon after they were born. At last, she went to see the Medicine Man about it. The Medicine Man thought for a while, and consulted his Magic Tree, which he had planted in his compound, just outside his hut door. Finally he said: "You must live next to the river; then your children will not die, but grow up into beautiful and famous men and women."

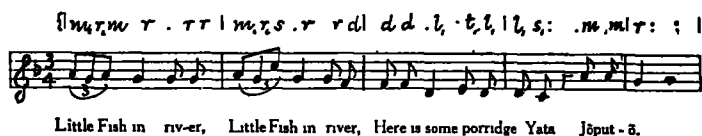
These words comforted the woman very much, so she paid the Medicine Man a goat for his trouble, and she made her husband build a new hut next to the river, where they could live.

All went well for a while. A little baby girl was born, who did *not* die, and the woman called her Yata Jöputö. Then one morning a strange thing happened. She had taken Yata down to the river bank in order to wash her, when suddenly the little girl changed into a Fish and swam away.

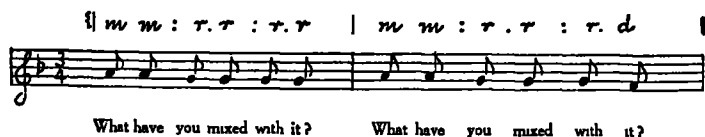
Any ordinary mother would have been frightened out of her wits by such a thing, but this mother knew that her family was a strange one, for her own brother used sometimes to turn into a Hawk. So she did not worry, but went home and cooked some



food for Yata. She cooked a kind of porridge, and mixed fresh milk and flour with it. Then she took it down to the river in a little bowl, and squatted on the bank and called:



whereupon Yata poked her fishy head out of the water, and in a fishy voice, asked:



and the Mother replied:

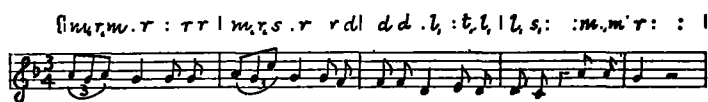


Then the little Fish came flopping to the riverside, and ate the porridge which her Mother had pre-



pared, after which she returned to the middle of the river.

The next day the same thing happened. The Mother cooked the porridge and mixed fresh milk and flour with it, took it to the river, sat on the bank and called:



Little Fish in riv-er, Little Fish in river, Here is some porridge. Yata Jōput - ō.

and the little Fish asked:



What have you mixed with it? What have you mixed with it?

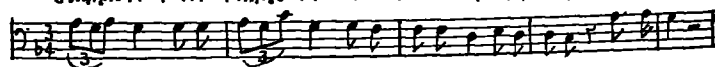
and she replied:

0 d . d : d . l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> - 1 m . r : m : m . m |  
  
 Fresh milk mixed with flour. Daugh-ter mine Ya-ta.  
 1 m . m : r . d : d . l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> |  
  
 Fresh milk mixed with flour. Daugh-ter mine Jō - pu - tō.

and the little Fish came flopping to the riverside, ate the porridge and returned to the middle of the river.

Now the Hyena happened to be having a drink on the other side of the river, and when he heard the Mother calling, he lifted up his great ugly head and listened. Presently he saw the little Fish come flopping to the bank to eat the porridge which her Mother had prepared, and he thought to himself that he would like to get hold of that little Fish.

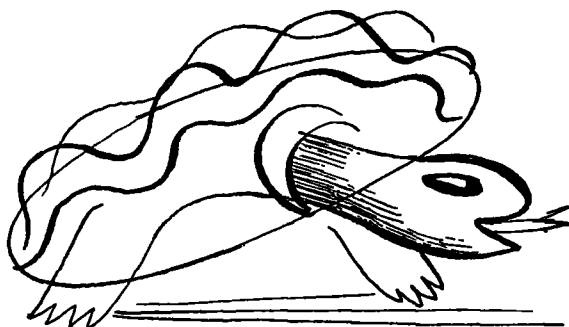
So he went home and cooked porridge and brought it to *his* side of the river and called:

0 m<sub>1</sub> r<sub>1</sub> m<sub>1</sub> : r . r | m<sub>1</sub> r<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> : r : r . d | d d : l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> l<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> r : 1  
  
 Little Fish in riv-er. Little Fish in riv-er. Here is some porridge. Yata Jōput - ō.

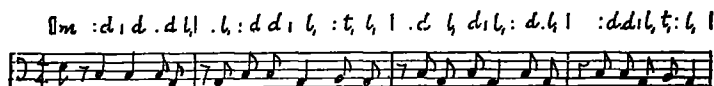
But the little Fish poked its head out of the middle of the river and called out: "Go away! You are not

my Mother! ” So the Hyena had to go home very annoyed, and eat the porridge himself.

The next day, he decided to visit the Tortoise, who knew a lot about magic, and ask his advice. So he visited the Tortoise, and knocked on his door, and



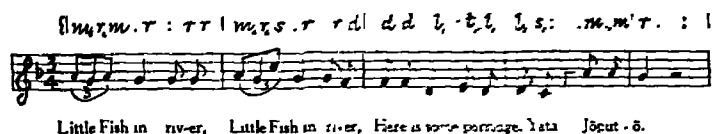
the Tortoise, who had already been worried by several animal visitors that day, put his head out of his shell and said very grumpily:



Oh ! First one person, and then the next per-son, comes asking me ques-tions What is it you want?

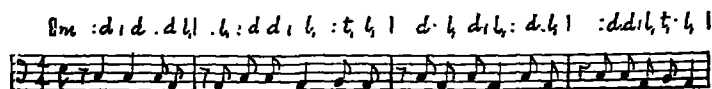
When the Hyena had told him his trouble, the Tortoise drew his head back into his shell to think. Presently he poked it out again and said: “ Your voice is too gruff. You should make it sweeter.” Then he put his head back into his shell and went to sleep.

So the Hyena went galloping off home, and took a smooth stone and put it in a pot and cooked it until it was red hot. Then he opened his great mouth and swallowed it. The hot stone gave him a very bad sore throat and made him cough a lot, but at the same time it took all the gruffness out of his voice. Then he cooked some more porridge in a great hurry, and went to the river again. When he reached the same spot as he had sat the previous day, he called as sweetly as he could:



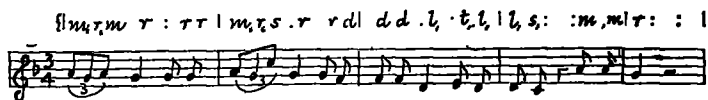
But the little Fish poked its head out of the middle of the river and called out: "Go away! You are not my Mother!" So the Hyena had to go home very annoyed, and eat his porridge himself again.

The next day he visited the Tortoise again, to complain about the advice he had given him. He knocked at the door of the Tortoise's hut, and the Tortoise poked his head out of his shell and said, very grumpily:



Then the Hyena told him of his trouble, and how yesterday's advice had failed, and the Tortoise drew his head back again into his shell to think. Presently, he poked it out again and said: "You called her from the wrong side of the river." Then he put his head back again into his shell and went to sleep.

So the Hyena went galloping off home, and took another smooth stone, and put it in a pot and cooked it until it was red hot. Then, making a wry face, he swallowed, and again it gave him a very bad sore throat and made him cough a lot, but at the same time it made his voice sweet again. Then he cooked some porridge in a great hurry, and crossed the river with it in a canoe and went to the same spot on the bank where the girl's Mother had sat the day before, and called as sweetly as he could:



Little Fish in river, Little Fish in river, Here is some porridge. Yata Jäput - 8.

whereupon Yata poked her fishy head out of the water, and in a fishy voice asked:



What have you mixed with it?

What have you mixed with it?

and the Hyena replied:

0 d . d : d . l, : l, s, . | m . r : m : m m |



Fresh milk mixed with flour. Daugh-ter mine Ya-ta.

| m m : r . d : d . l, | l, s, . l, s, : l, s, |

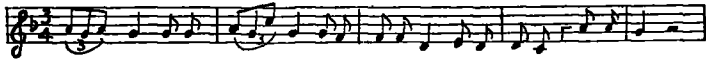


Fresh milk mixed with flour. Daugh-ter mine Jō - pu - tō.

Then the little fish came flopping to the riverside, and no sooner had she arrived than the Hyena seized her in his powerful jaws and ran off with her.

In a little while the Mother came to the river with porridge which she had cooked for her daughter, and she sat down on the bank and called:

0 m, r, m . r : r . r | m, r, s : r . r d | d d . l, . t, l, | l, s, . m, m, r : |



Little Fish in riv-er, Little Fish in river, Here is some porridge Yata Jōput - ō.

but no sound came from the river.

Then the Mother grew afraid and began to examine the bank where she was sitting. Soon she discovered the footprints of the Hyena, and then she realized what had happened. Without delay, she began to follow the Hyena's tracks.

As she journeyed, she came upon a crowd of people weeding their fields. When they saw her,

they all called out: "Sossok is coming! Let us hide our food," and they all ran away. But she called out to them: "Don't call me Sossok. I don't want your food; I am looking for my child, Yata Jöputö." And she passed on.

And as she journeyed, she came upon another crowd of people who were reaping their crops. When they saw her, they all called out: "Sossok is coming! Let us hide our food," and they all ran away. But she cried: "Don't call me Sossok. I don't want your food; I am looking for my child, Yata Jöputö." And she passed on.

Meanwhile, the Hyena, galloping along in his awkward way, had got tired of carrying Yata in his mouth, so he slung her on to his broad back, where she had great difficulty in holding on and not falling to the ground and hurting herself. As the Hyena galloped onward, Yata looked up, and there, high above her, she saw a Hawk flying in great circles, and she said to herself: "I wonder if that is my uncle"—for she knew that her Mother's brother used sometimes to turn into a Hawk. So she called out as loudly as she could: "Oh, Hawk, come quickly; the Hyena is running away with me."

When her uncle heard her words (for he *was* the Hawk), he swooped down out of the sky, snatched Yata from the back of the Hyena, and went soaring into the sky again. Then he flew in great circles till



he saw Yata's Mother, his sister, far below him, hurrying in the Hyena's footsteps. Then he swooped down again, and laid Yata at the feet of her Mother and they all went home happily.

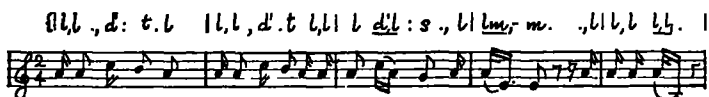
But I could never find out from the Bari whether Yata changed back again into a little girl, or whether she went on being a little Fish!

## IX

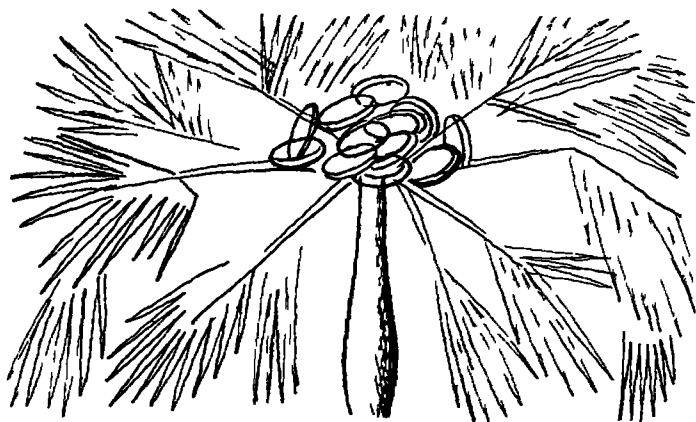
### *Jöput's First and Last Adventure with the Lion*

ONE day, Jöput went down to the river with two friends of hers to bathe. The names of these two girls were Karito and Jandi. Before they bathed, they took off their bead necklaces and their iron bangles, and hung them over the top of a young Doleib palm, that was growing at the side of the river. Then they splashed about in the water and enjoyed themselves very much.

When it was time to come out and go home, they looked for their ornaments, but could not find them. And then they noticed that the Doleib palm had grown up quickly while they were bathing and was now very tall indeed, while their necklaces and bangles were at the top of the tree, high up in the air, where they could not possibly reach them. The three girls looked at each other in bewilderment, and then tried, one after the other, to climb up the tree. But the trunk was too smooth, and they slipped down to the ground each time they got a little way up. Then Karito had an idea. Standing at the foot of the unkind tree, she stretched up her arms and called, clapping her hands as she sang:



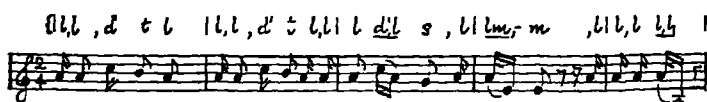
Doleib so lof-ty, De-leib so lofty, Throw down to me my ban-gles, my orna-ments,



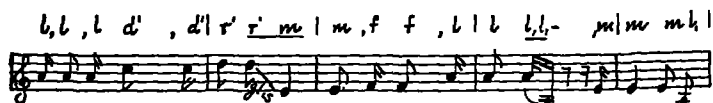
And I per-haps will give you One or two fine cat-tle Ka-rang hak m"

went her necklace and bangles as they fell "plump" on the ground. And Karito put them on and went home.

It was now Jandi's turn to call, and she stood under the tree, with hands outstretched, and sang:



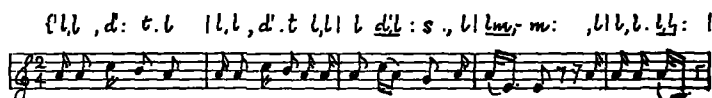
Doleb so lof-ty, Do-leb so lofty, Throw down to me my ban-gles, my orna-ments,



And I per-haps will give you One or two fine cat-tle 'Ka-rang hak m"

went her necklace and bangles as they fell "plump" on the ground. And Jandi put them on and went home.

And now it was Joput's turn. She stood under the tree, with hands outstretched, like the other girls, and called:



Doleib so lof-ty, Doleib so lof-ty, Throw down to me my ban-gles, my or-na-ments,



And I per-haps will give you One or two fine cat-tle.

But nothing happened.



Then she called again, but still nothing happened. Her ornaments remained at the top of the tree, and the tree remained silent. So Jöput went on calling, sadly, all the afternoon, till the sun set.

Then it was that she heard a deep voice in the bushes, growling: "Mmmm, Umph! Mmmm,

Umph! What is this that smells like Jöput?" and the Lion came stalking out of the bushes to the river-side. And Jöput, in a small voice, answered: "It's me, Chief."

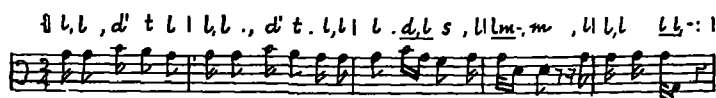
"What are you doing here?" asked the Lion, lapping water from the river's brink.

"Oh, please," cried Jöput, "All my beads are stuck at the top of this Doleib tree, and I can't get them down."

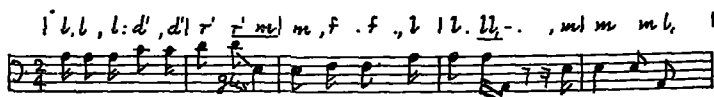
"Umph," said the Lion, having finished his drink, "What will you give me if I get them down for you?"

"I don't know," wept Jöput, for she realized that the Lion was only looking for an excuse to eat her. "You had better take me."

This was just what the Lion wanted. So he sat on his haunches underneath the tree, and called in a deep voice:



Doleib so lof-ty, Doleib so lofty, Throw down to me my ban-gles, my or-na-ments,



And I per-haps will give you One or two fine cat-tle. "Ka-rang kak ni!"

went the beads as they fell to the ground, and Jöput sorrowfully picked them up and put them on.

The Lion now put Jöput on his back and carried her away through long grass and dark bushes and over slippery rocks till they reached the top of a high mountain, which was still in sunshine, though the rest of the land was already dark.

“ Shall I eat you here? ” asked the Lion, licking his lips.

“ No, ” cried Jöput, trying to save time. “ Eat me on the Rock-where-the-Fly-slips. ”

So the Lion took her on his back again, and carried her through long grass and dark bushes and over slippery rocks till they reached the Rock-where-the-Fly-slips. This rock is called so because it is so slippery that no fly can walk on it. There the Lion put her down, and asked again: “ Shall I eat you here? ” and Jöput, not knowing what else to say, said: “ Yes, Chief. ”

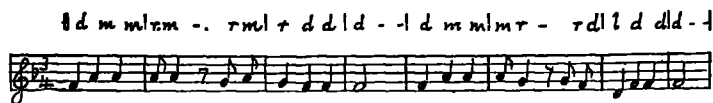
“ Very well, ” said the Lion, and he trotted off home to get a jar to draw water for cooking Jöput in. Now the Lion’s Mother was at home when the Lion came in, and she asked him what he was doing. The Lion, however, took no notice of her, so, as he picked up the jar, she stuck a knife into the bottom of it to make it leak.

The Lion went to the edge of the river and filled the jar with water—but he didn’t notice that his Mother had poked a hole in it with her knife. Then he put the jar on his head to carry it home, and the jar leaked all over his face.



“Ho! Ho!” growled the Lion, angrily. “This is Mother’s doing,” and he had to go home for another jar. This time his Mother followed him till they reached the Rock-where-the-Fly-slips, where the Lion started to make preparations for cooking Jöput. When the Lion’s Mother saw Jöput, how-

ever, and saw how beautiful she was, she jumped for joy, and sang:



Don't eat this lit tle woman Take her to wife Don't eat her oh you li-on Take her to wife

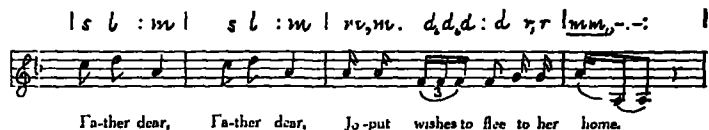
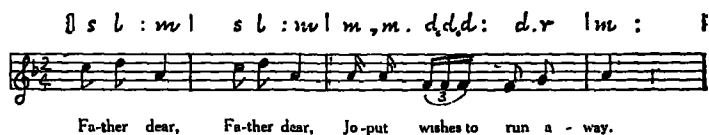
The Lion, who was busy making a fire, looked up when he heard his Mother, and said: “Oh, very well, let’s take her home, and I’ll marry her instead of eating her.”

So the Lion’s Mother took her home, and told the Lion’s little son to guard her carefully till the wedding day, and not to let her escape.

The next day, while the Lion was away hunting,

and while his Mother was away getting ready for the wedding, Jöput took all the food for the wedding feast and threw it away, and then she ran away herself.

But the Lion's little son saw her doing this and got out his flute and played:



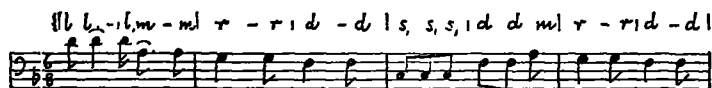
When the Lion heard this, he came galloping back, and caught Jöput before she had run very far, and brought her back to his home.

The next day, when the Lion was away, Jöput waited till the Lion's little son wasn't looking, and then she stole his flute and hid it in the thatch of the hut. Then she ran away again. When

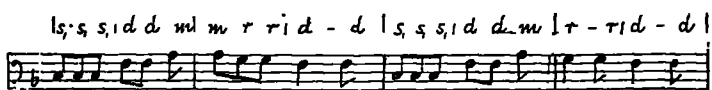


the Lion's little son saw her running away, he went to get his flute, but it wasn't where he had left it. He looked everywhere, but he could not find where it was hidden, so he had to wait till the evening.

When it was evening, the Lion came home, tired after hunting, and found that Jöput had escaped. He was terribly angry, and his eyes glared, as he set off down the path along which Jöput had fled. And all the time he galloped he roared:



*Kee-ying! Kee-ying My feet are sound-ing, Kee-ying na kee-ying As I come bound-ing*



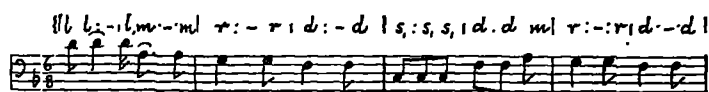
*Kee-ying na kee-ying! Jö - pu-to I'll cap-ture. Kee-ying na kee-ying! My feet are sound-ing*

Meanwhile, Jöput had run and run all day long, till just at sunset, she reached her home. Her father saw her coming, and ran joyfully to meet her, crying, "My Jöput!" But Jöput could only gasp, "The Lion is following me."

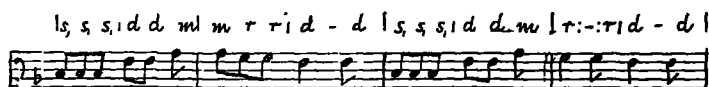
Then Jöput's father called all his friends and relations. He called Logilisuk, Jöput's brother, and Könyi, Kidden's husband, and Jangara, who had shot the Toyok, and Logoro whom the Lion had almost eaten, and Wajubek, who had caught the Guinea-

fowls, and they all came, and they all set to work digging a deep pit in the middle of the compound. At the bottom of this pit, they made a big fire, and over the top of it they stretched a skin mat, so that nobody would see the pit.

Scarcely had they finished when the voice of the Lion, in the distance, was heard:



*Kee-ying' Kee-ying' My feet are sound-ing, Kee-yung na kee-yung As I come bound-ing.*



*Kee yung na kee-yung' Jö - pu-to I'll cap-ture. Kee-yung na kee-yung' My feet are sound-ing.*

and soon the Lion himself arrived, still very angry, with his eyes glaring more than ever.

“What are you looking for, Lion?” asked Jöput’s father, casually strolling towards him.

“I’m looking for my future wife, who has run away from me,” roared the Lion. “Where is she?”

“I don’t know,” answered Jöput’s father, politely, “but please sit down on this nice skin mat while I go and ask my wife if she has seen her.”

So the Lion went and sat on the skin mat that was

stretched over the pit. And immediately the mat gave way, so that he fell flop into the fire beneath and was burned. And after that, all the people in the village lived happily and safely.



## X

### *How the Earth was Made*

THE Bari believe that the earth was made by a spirit called Ngun, and this is the story they tell, as I heard it from Lokule:

Before the earth was made, Ngun used to live in the place where the sun comes from. One day, he came looking for the earth which he had made, but could not find it, because everything was dark. So he lit the sun in order that he might see the earth. Then he sent a lot of rain on to the earth, so as to make a big river, like the River Nile. After that he made a Bull Frog.

When he had finished making the Bull Frog, he spoke to it, saying: "I have made you because there is nothing else on the earth. Now I want you to make a great noise, so that it will sound as though there are lots of things on the earth instead of just you only."

"Very well," said the Bull Frog, and Ngun set him to croak as loudly as he could. And the Bull Frog did his best, and croaked like this: "Guroaak! Guroaak!"

After a while, the Bull Frog began to complain, and said: "I can't croak any more; I'm feeling lonely."

"What are you lonely for?" asked Ngun.

"I want somebody to help me," answered the

Bull Frog. "I should like a Mosquito to help me. Let him make a noise on the bank, while I make a noise in the river, and it will be very nice."

"All right," said Ngun, and he made a Mosquito and sent it to help the Bull Frog.

After a little while, Ngun thought he would like to listen to the noise that was coming from the earth; so he listened, and noticed that the humming of the Mosquito was very faint. And Ngun said to himself: "I think the Bull Frog was very silly to ask for such a quiet helper. I shall make a few more things myself, without asking his advice."

So Ngun made the Trees and Grass, and the Animals, and the People, and everything that is on the earth, all without asking the Bull Frog's opinion. After that Ngun had to see about food for everything that he had made. So first he said to the Trees and Grass: "You drink Water." Then he said to the Antelopes: "You eat Grass." Then he said to the Wild Beasts: "You eat the Antelopes." In this way Ngun told everything on the earth what its food was to be.

Then Ngun had to think of food for the People he had made, and here he got stuck. So he called the Bull Frog, whose opinion he had ignored up till then, and asked him: "Bull Frog, what food do you think that I should give to the People who have two legs? I thought myself that it would be a good plan to let

them hit the grass with bamboo sticks, and so turn it into food. Then they would have lovely big gardens.”

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” laughed the Bull Frog, “Oh, Ngun, you *are* stupid. Don’t you see how lazy the People are naturally? If you did that, they would become too lazy for words. I think it would be a better plan to make them dig the fields with hoes and work hard, so that the lazy ones go without food, and only the industrious ones have it.”

“That’s a good plan,” said Ngun, and he arranged that it was so. But the Bari were very angry with the Bull Frog, and thought his plan a very unsatisfactory one.

And that is why, concluded Lokule, the Bari hate Frogs, and always throw stones at them when they see them.





